

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY?

One day last week I looked into the mirror on the wall,
The face that looked back out at me I hardly knew at all.
Who was this ageing person, with the lines around his face?
How was it that the time passed by at this alarming pace?
Yesterday I was at school, becoming Worldly wise,
Now this stranger looks at me with sadness in his eyes.

Where have the golden years gone to, when I was in my prime?
The days when life would last forever, with no such thing as time.
Life stretched out ahead of me, along a glorious golden line,
I, being young and foolish, thought immortality was mine.
Now those summer days have gone, never to return,
For I can't bring them back again, however much I yearn.

I find sad, faded photographs, in cupboard, box and drawer,
Pictures of distant relatives I've never seen before.
Some are strange, in sepia brown, and some in black and white,
And many are so old and frail, they seldom see the light.
Pictures of men in uniform, who died in grief and pain,
Pictures of girls, so beautiful, who waited at home in vain.

There are photographs of family outings, weddings, portraits too,
Sad, because they show how fast, for them, time also flew.
For the passing of time is relentless, and shows so in our face,
More drastically and ruthlessly than in any animal race.
So we take the old family pictures out, at times, to gaze upon,
But many of the smiling faces have now, forever, gone.

And when we leave this Mortal Earth, will we face eternal night?
Will the knowledge of a full lifetime be snuffed out like a light?
Like the smiling people we can see, in the sad old photographs,
Have they now gone forever? With their their crying, joy and laughs.
Or do they exist, those that have gone, on some far higher plane?
And will we, in some future age, all meet up again?

But younger faces, happy, smiling, replace the ones we miss,
And we can be content and happy, if we remember this.
The sun comes up on another day, and that's a bonus too,
It shines down on us warmly, us old ones, me and you.
So let's be joyful and enjoy, the years that stretch ahead,
But not forget the ones before, loved ones who now are dead.